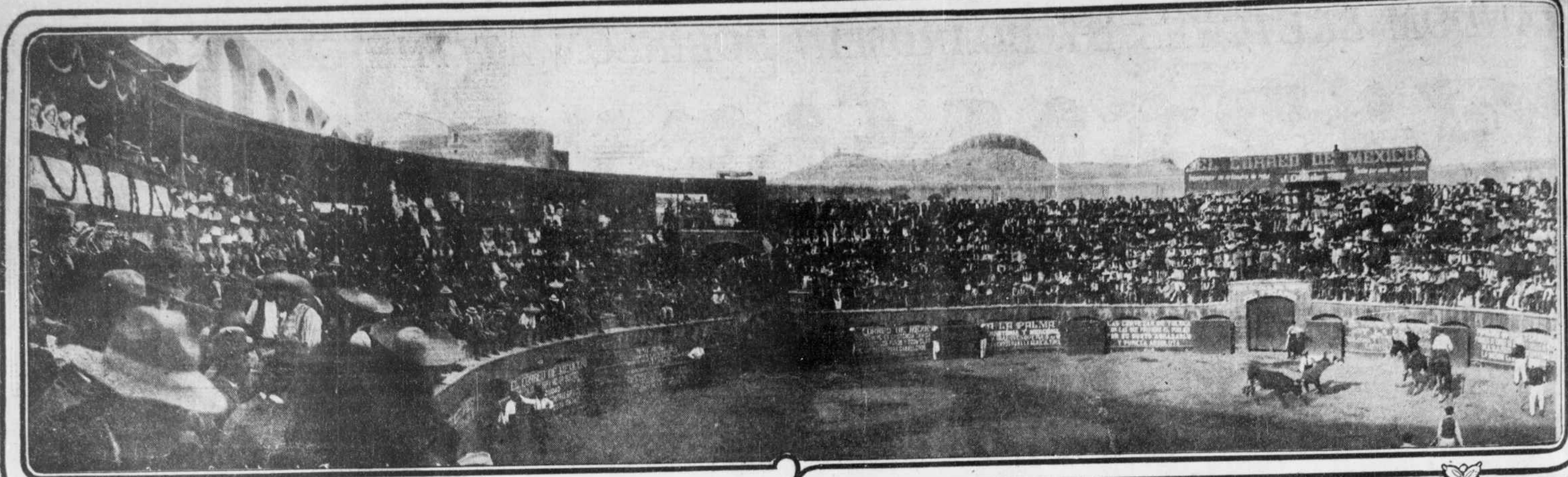


NATERA AROSE FROM A PEON'S HUT TO SWAY CENTRAL MEXICO



A BULL FIGHT IN ZACATECAS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE HILL ON WHICH SEVERAL BATTLES HAVE BEEN WAGED RECENTLY

The Full Blooded Indian Giant Who Captured Zacatecas Once, but Failed the Other Day to Repeat His Feat, Has Gone Far Equipped Only with Personal Magnetism and Valor of a Most Unusual Order.

Villa, prevents the latter from gaining too widespread control, and second, because he saw in Natera an able soldier and disciplinarian.

EARLY LIFE OF A FULL BLOODED INDIAN NOW A GENERAL.

Natera is eminently fitted for this post. He is one of the best fighters in Mexico and has an intimate knowledge of the country surrounding the city of Zacatecas. He is a native of Nieves, in the north-central part of Zacatecas State. Like Pancho Villa, his early training was in the saddle. Natera's early environment, however, was far from conducive to greatness. It is strange to note the influence brought to bear upon his childhood as contrasted with the man of to-day.

A full blooded Indian, he was born of peon parents in a one-room adobe hut. He was associated in early life with the irresponsible, the un-moral—the people who lack patriotism and ambition. These people were of the class who never do to-day what they can put off till to-morrow. Mañana (to-morrow) is their motto. They think in terms of "No le hace" (It makes no difference) and "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?). Their standards are based on gambling, cockfights and bullfights. To see a bullfight the men will pawn their blankets—their coats during the day and their beds at night—and the women sell their flannel skirts. Their food consists of beans and corn cakes, with chili, which they eat without knives or forks, and the fruit of the cactus. The streets in which they live are cleaned by hogs which act as scavengers. A part of Natera's boyhood was spent in driving mules for 40 centavos a day (20 cents) to help support his father and mother. It was the influence of this atmosphere which was brought to bear upon his youth.

It is evident that Natera is a self-made man.

SINCERITY OF PURPOSE UNDOUBTED BY HIS ENEMIES.

Far from reflecting his early life, Panfilo Natera stands to-day not only head and shoulders above his own people, but is one of the most prominent citizens of Mexico. Through his own initiative he has become a power in the nation. A true progressive, he is beloved by his own people and respected by the Federals. His sincerity of purpose is undoubted even by his worst enemy.

A rugged man of nature, Natera stands 6 feet 3. With the inevitable sombrero, khaki suit, soft shirt, puttee, a field glass slung over his shoulder, he makes an imposing figure. He wears no brilliant colors and carries no weapon, except when fighting with his men, whom he leads in person. It is then that he carries a rifle. He is conservative, resolute and austere. He is a man of few words. His head is bullet shaped, his face smooth shaven, his skin bronze, his eyes deep set, his jaw firm. Despite the roughness of his bearing his expression is kindly. He is courteous always and not difficult to approach.

Last October, during Natera's attack upon Fresnillo, Zacatecas, which later evacuated to him, the writer, with a number of friends, was sitting behind an adobe wall out of range of the bullets, watching the progress of the fight.

A CONTRAST IN THE TREATMENT OF THE CONQUERED.

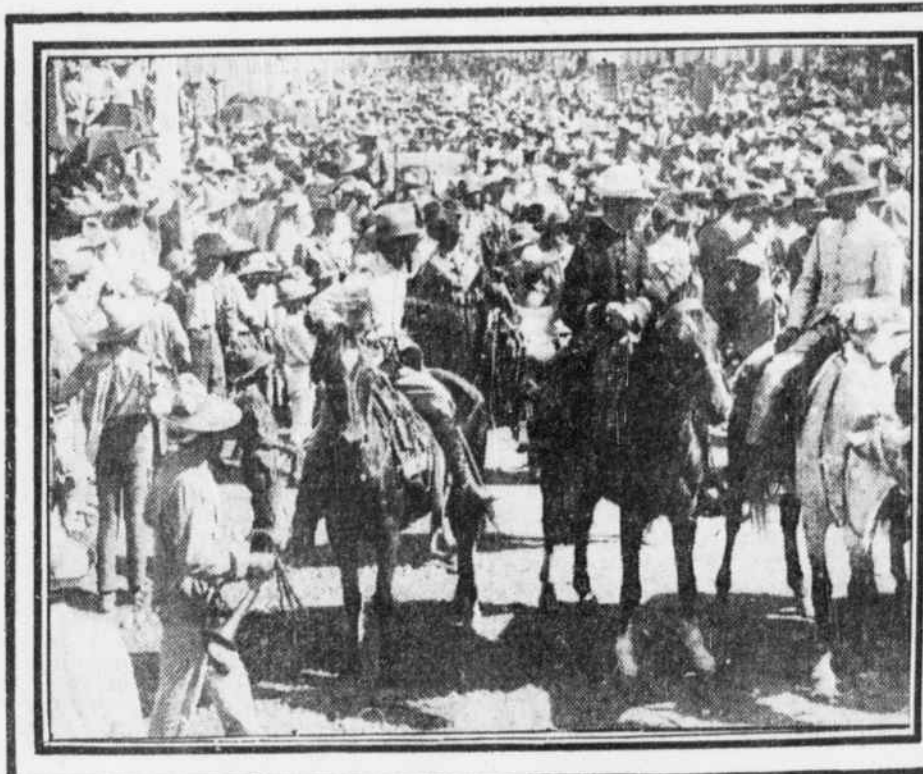
General Natera, in passing on a tour of inspection, stopped and, waving his hand toward his enemy, remarked: "Our friends downtown are very angry this morning."

He smiled slowly and continued his walk.

The contrast between Natera and Villa is in no way more strongly exemplified than in this attitude toward the enemy. While Villa has the reputation of being brutal to those he conquers Natera is known to be almost friendly. When General Natera captured the town of Fresnillo in June, 1913, a lieutenant caught ten Federal soldiers sharpshooting from a church tower. The prisoners were given their last rites and coffins were prepared for them. When Natera heard of their plight and learned the story of their bravery, he set them free, saying: "Son hombres muy valientes!" (They are very valiant men).

Unlike the average rebel leader who captures a town, Natera imposes a reasonable tax on the people instead of the exorbitant sums usually demanded. Then, too, he prohibits looting, closes down the saloons, and severely punishes any men caught outraging women.

The writer attended a "blood tribute" meeting in Fresnillo after that city was captured by Natera, May 5, 1913. Panfilo Natera in person notified us of the conference. As six of our horses had been stolen by his men, he expressed regret and asked us to be present. By "blood tribute" is usually understood payment or death. As it is so often death for the conquered, we entered the assembly room in the Mayor's office with no little



NATERA'S ARMY MARCHING INTO ZACATECAS

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fear for the people. Expecting a scene of disorder, we were charmed to note the dignified politeness that prevailed. Due to the sudden retreat of the Federals, the room was littered with state papers piled in heaps. Despite this outward disorder and the fact that little time was allowed in preparation for the meeting, a peculiar stateliness was evident.

In a corner of the large room, seated in a plain wood chair, was Panfilo Natera. Though silent, power emanated from his personality. A resolute calmness was manifest. To Colonel Cervantes, Natera's secretary, was left the business of the meeting. Those summoned, thirty of the principal citizens of the town—merchants and ranchmen attired in the ordinary European business suit—were seated about the sides of the office. On the table before Colonel Cervantes was a pile of Mexican money, a large assessment roll book, and a receipt book which was prefaced: "This money will be repaid upon the triumph of the cause."

BUSINESS OF SHAKING HANDS AND PASSING CIGARETTES.

The first business was to shake hands all round, the conquered and conquerors alike. Cigarettes were then passed to every one. In a difficult case an appeal was made for a reduction.

To this Cervantes remarked:

"Should we place a gun to your head you could raise five times the tax."

But he listened to reason and the loan was reduced. In every case the "blood tribute" was requested in a spirit that would rival the veriest pink tea etiquette.

"How would 500 pesos (\$250) be?" Cervantes courteously asked us.

Though we expected to pay more, the amount was cut down to 250 pesos and five of our horses were then returned. Before leaving we shook hands with Natera and the others at least three times.

At an early age Natera was ambitious to become a soldier. While still in his teens he entered the ranks of the rurales, the famous body of mounted police under President Diaz. These rurales had the power of life and death, and it was through their work that Diaz earned the name of the "iron hand." The innate qualities of leadership in Natera were soon recognized. He steadily rose until we find him, at the time when Huerta overthrew the constitutional government, as captain of a company of rurales. Natera then declared himself opposed to Huerta's rule, and as colonel of a regiment started an independent revolt in the western part of the State of Zacatecas.

HE WOULD OVERTHROW HUERTA, PEONAGE AND PRIESTHOOD.

His three objects were and still are: (1) To overthrow Huerta and establish a constitutional government. (2) To break down the hacienda system, which is largely responsible for the state of peonage. (3) To dethrone the priests, who he declares are robbing instead of helping the people. When Natera was colonel of 150 men he entered many ranches and secured ammunition and horses.

Once in possession of these, he had no difficulty in enlisting men. In this way he soon filled his ranks to the number of 400. These enabled him to capture many small towns; as each town surrendered his ranks increased. Larger towns, such as Fresnillo and Sombrerete, soon gave way to him. It is characteristic of the Mexican soldier to board the band wagon—the conquered enlist with the conquerors. As the men supporting Huerta were mostly hired and fight with a lukewarm spirit, Natera found no difficulty in gaining their cooperation. He thus increased the number of his men to 2,000, and by a wise selection of officers he whipped them into a fairly efficient force.

HE MAY BE ROLAND I, KING OF ALBANIA

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE for the throne of Albania! That would indeed be a picturesque selection, the very mention of which suggests some curious reflections upon the fate of the famous Corsican family and upon the manner in which the will of the Little Corporal has been nullified by the progress of events.

Numerous as the Bonapartes once were, they are now few; many as were the thrones which they once occupied, they now possess not one; and the only survivors who enjoy any possibility of ever coming to a throne again are members of the very lines which were once proscribed by Napoleon himself and excluded from the succession.

Time was when Napoleon was Emperor of France, Joseph was King of Spain, Louis was King of Holland, Jerome was King of Westphalia, Marianne was Grand Duchess of Tuscany and Caroline was Queen of Naples. And now Victor and his brother Louis are pretenders—with no prospects—to the throne of France, and Roland is talked of for King of Albania, if the brigands of that country succeed in driving out William of Wied. Meantime various thrones, old and new, are securely occupied by members of families with which Napoleon played ducks and drakes!

It is to be noted, too, that in 1804 Napoleon had it decreed that the imperial succession should be restricted to the issue of himself and his brothers Joseph and Louis. The others, Lucien and Jerome, had made marriages which he did not approve; wherefore they and their children were forever excluded. Later the scaling Jerome won pardon by playing the hound. He repudiated his charming American wife and married a blue-blooded princess of Wurtemberg, and that is why his descendants are now recognized as the heads of the family and rightful claimants to the imperial crown.

For the other three lines, of Napoleon, Joseph and Louis, to which the succession was restricted long ago became extinct.

If it were not, indeed, for that old proscription of 1794, which Napoleon in 1815 meant to cancel but did not, Prince Roland Bonaparte would to-day be the head of the house and the pretender to the throne of France. For he is

On June 6, 1913, he captured Zacatecas City and held it for a time. From the capture of this city he secured his first artillery—four brass cannon. He now has four more cannon of a superior grade, which Villa gave him as a reward for his services at Ojinaga, on the northern border. When food and money were scarce Natera split his organization into sub-divisions and scattered them about the more fertile parts of the country. Thus his men sustained themselves during hard times.

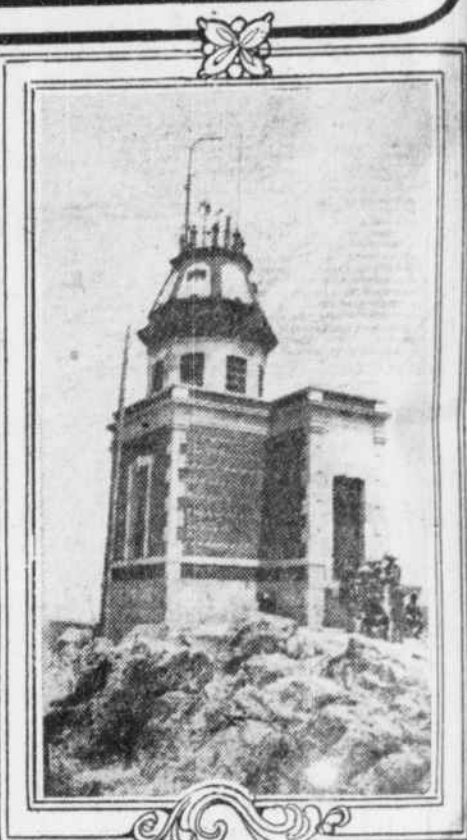
SECRET OF NATERA'S SUCCESS—HIS ARMY PRIMITIVE.

The secret of his success as a leader is his personal magnetism and his willingness to fight shoulder to shoulder with those under him. He never fears to go out into the open.

Though his army compares favorably with other Mexican forces, it is absurd to conceive of it as equal to those of a civilized nation. Natera's ranks are made up of peons, with no definite standards or ideals. Most of Natera's artillery is of the most primitive sort, and the marksmanship laughable.

During the two days' attack upon the city of Zacatecas in June, 1913, the writer had opportunity to note the crudeness of the cannon which Natera captured at that time. From the roof of a hotel we could see four small brass cannon less than a thousand feet distant on a hill. During the entire fight they kept up a continual fire at an opposite hill, ostensibly to prevent the approach of Natera and his men. The shells from the cannon passed over our heads, so that our attention was not wanting. When one broke on the roof next door, barely missing the adobe, we watched curiously to see if any injury would befall the rebels. There were two victims—a lame horse and a donkey.

It is no uncommon sight to see women on foot following the cavalry. Like the Indian squaws of early American history, they assume the burdens of the men. This so-called "commissary department" is the property of either a Federal or rebel army, according to which it may be attached for the time being. These women are the camp followers as long as they can continue the pace. When left behind they wander about until they find another army, little matter which cause is espoused. The pay they receive from the soldiers is their only means of support. At Fresnillo and at Zacatecas the writer has seen them. At night they sleep on the pavement wrapped in blankets.



ZACATECAS OBSERVATORY AT AN ELEVATION OF 9000 FEET

They are loyal to the army they happen to be following, fight alongside the men and often expose themselves to bring food to their masters. The rebels are perhaps more charitable to these professional stragglers. If possible, they give them horses. Despite their rough existence, these mounted squaws have their peculiar conventions. It is a breach of etiquette to ride astride.

Many boys as young as twelve fill the ranks. After a battle in Fresnillo, in October, 1913, the writer's attention was called to a boy in a cornfield. Upon nearing the scene he discovered another boy lying under a cactus bush, unable to move. The first boy, a Federal sympathizer, was cursing viciously. With his raised rifle he was about to bring the butt down on the head of the other, a sixteen-year-old follower of Natera. The Natera soldier was wounded in the leg and he had no more cartridges. After driving the Federal away, the writer leaned over the small rebel. His first words were:

"Señor, fabor un cigarro?" ("Have you a cigarette to spare, sir?")

He was very grateful for a light. The writer hurried back to the hotel for help. While there he heard a report of rifles. The little rebel soldier was shot by Federals.

The first son, Charles, became a noted scientist, and had eight children, one of whom became a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church; but the family became extinct in the next generation. The second son, Louis, was also a scientist, but died childless. The third son of Lucien was Pierre, who was for a time a great figure at the court of Napoleon III. He was an insurgent soldier of fortune in Italy and in Colombia under General Santander. For a time he was imprisoned by the Pope for leading Italian Republicans against the Papal authority. In France in 1848 he was a Radical Republican, but then accepted the title of prince from Napoleon III and became a dissipated hanger-on at the Tuilleries. He was the murderer of Victor Noir.

Following the example of his father, Pierre married a woman of the people. This was Mlle. Justine Eleanor Ruffin, the daughter of a Paris locksmith. Napoleon III opposed and forbade the match, as Napoleon I had opposed Lucien's marriage, but to no avail. The two had already been informally married, and when Napoleon forbade them to be legally married in France they crossed the border into Luxemburg and there were both civilly and ecclesiastically married. On some legal technicality this marriage was declared void at the incitement of Napoleon III, whereupon Pierre and his wife quietly waited a couple of years until Sedan had bowled Napoleon off the throne. Then they were regularly and indisputably married, and the necessary action was taken for fully legitimizing their two children. Those two children were Roland and Jeanne, the latter afterward the Marquise de Villeneuve-Escaplon Vence.

Princess Jeanne was before her marriage an artist, making illustrations for papers and magazines. While she was studying in a Paris studio she became acquainted with Mlle. Blanc, who was also a student there, and it was through her that Roland and Mlle. Blanc met. To the latter of the couple, after their marriage, one child was born, Princess Marie, who is now the wife of Prince George, the eldest brother of the King of Greece. This relationship to the King of Greece doubtless had much to do with the suggestion of Prince Roland as a candidate for the Albanian throne.